5: Pollard M-5 (no date) 1921 AE4 Lolo AE4

the last time in his life tried what it was like to sit on a chair. 516
When one thinks of these people one is reminded of the advertisements which appear so frequently in the papers that find their way to this part of West China, where "'Varsity" and other kinds of chairs of all sizes and stages of comforts are pressed on the attention of the young men of England who will soon bear the burden of empire. We often grumble at the great burdens the white young men have to bear, but I fancy a return to something of the simplicity of many of the Oriental peoples would be a great advantage all round.

The lack of beds and bedding was very striking. In some 352
of the larger houses we entered we found that at one end 513
of the long room composing the house there was a corner screened off, and here was a rough bedstead where slept the heads of the household. The majority, however, slept around the wood fire, with feet facing the warmth. When a large number of them were thus sleeping they looked very like a huge cart-wheel, with the fire as the nave of the axle. Men and women all slept around the fire, dressed as they were in the daytime, covered by their felt cloaks if they possessed such, and uncovered if they had none. Apparently they slept well.

These people scorn the Chinese because they are so effem- 186
inate and must have comfort before they can get on. I do not know what they thought of me. I usually managed to get some straw on the floor and rolled myself up in my wadded quilt, the ordinary Chinese "pukai." Mr Long and I often lay in our pukais after the others had got up, and yarned away about many things. Just near to where I was sleeping the 235
first night was a large basket, in which rested some of the fowls

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235 of the household. These fowls that sleep indoors are often a great nuisance to tired travellers. How mad they make 000 one feel sometimes! When travelling off the main roads in China one has often to put up with the poorest accommodation, and more than once, when too late to remedy matters, I have discovered that cocks and hens were all sleeping under my bed. What a mistake it is to imagine that cocks crow at dawn. I wish they did. Sometimes they seem to be studying the time-sheets of the principal ports of the world and start crowing at what is daybreak in those places. I have known one cock in West China start crowing when it is daybreak in Chicago, and then he kept on heralding dawn in all the principal places west of that city until at last he greeted the dawn of his native place. Nothing is more irritating than to be dreaming pleasantly after a hard and tiring day's journey and to be suddenly woke up by the thunderous roar of an old practised rooster, who is sleeping right under one's bed. You feel so jolly bad, and wish that you had not left your stick in the other corner of the room! At last you get some kind of a weapon and make the best dash you can at the midnight reveller, only to find that he is safely sheltered in a coop under the centre of the bed. You cannot get at him, do what you like. But you may disturb his song for a while, and then off you go to sleep until the sun is about to shine on San Francisco, and then there is the earthquake and thunder and lightning all over again. At last you give it up and wish very much that they would kill that fowl on the morrow and give you the privilege of crowing over him and eating him. You resolve ever after never to grumble at the tough old roosters that fall to your lot at so many evening meals in China, and make up your mind that you